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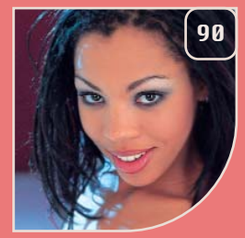

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TRIPLE X

63

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Tiffany Hopkins

panties down!!

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Lisa

Crystal

MEET SKEETER KERKOVE: THE KING OF SODOMY

ENGLISH

Sex Thriller is the latest sexually charged & highly erotic thriller created for Private Gold by Antonio Adamo. It's the story of a beautiful girl called Jennifer. She hasn't been fucked since she broke-up with her ex-boyfriend Steve. But she still remembers what it feels like to make love with him, and she often masturbates in the shower remembering how he used to fuck her tight ass.

Then the phone calls begin, a strange, male voice, he never reveals his identity, but he flirts with her, he makes her feel sexy, he seduces her. With each successive phone call he begins to turn her on, making her pussy burn with desire, her heart beat with passion and her ass quiver with excitement.

Using the phone calls he sets up clandestine rendezvous with other men, with couples, he takes her on a journey into her sexual fantasies. Jennifer becomes obsessed with the stranger and tries to track him down, will she ever discover the true identity of the voice who puts the 'thrill' in Sex Thriller?

SEX THRILLER

DEUTSCH

Sex Thriller ist der neuste und höchst erotische Sexthriller, den Antonio Adamo für Private Gold gedreht hat. Es geht darin um ein hübsches Mädchen, Jennifer, die seit der Trennung von ihrem Freund Steve keinen Sex mehr hatte. Aber Jennifer kann nicht vergessen, welche Gefühle sie überkamen, wenn sie miteinander schliefen. Oft masturbiert sie beim Duschen und erinnert sich dann an die Wollust, die sie beim Analsex mit ihm erlebte.

Dann begann es mit diesen seltsamen Anrufen. Immer war es dieselbe Stimme, eine männliche Stimme, die sich nie zu erkennen gibt, jedoch mit ihr flirtet, ihr das Gefühl gibt, begehrenswert zu sein, sie verführt. Mit jedem Anruf wird sie geiler und geiler, ihre Fotze

glüht vor Verlangen, ihr Herz rast vor Leidenschaft und ihr Arschloch zieht sich vor Erregung zusammen.

Nach einiger Zeit vereinbart er über diese Anrufe Rendezvous für sie mit anderen Männern, mit Pärchen und schickt sie auf die Reise in das Land ihrer wildesten Sexphantasien. Jennifer ist mehr und mehr gefesselt von diesem Fremden und versucht, ihn zu entlarven. Wird es ihr gelingen zu entdecken, wer hinter dieser so sinnlichen Stimme steckt? Lasst euch nicht das Ende von Sex Thriller entgehen!

FRANÇAIS

Sex Thriller est le dernier thriller sexuel et extrêmement érotique produit pour Private Gold par Antonio Adamo. Il s'agit de l'histoire d'une très belle fille, Jennifer, qui n'a eu de rapports sexuels depuis sa rupture avec son fiancé Steve. Mais Jennifer n'arrive pas à oublier

The cast

Tyla Wynn
- Height: 168 cm.
- Weight: 54 Kg.
- Chest: 92 cm.
- Waist: 60 cm.
- Hips: 90 cm.

Shy Love
- Height: 165 cm.
- Weight: 48 Kg.
- Chest: 90 cm.
- Waist: 60 cm.
- Hips: 85 cm.

Alex Divine
- Height: 164 cm.
- Weight: 47 Kg.
- Chest: 88 cm.
- Waist: 62 cm.
- Hips: 89 cm.

Katie Morgan
- Height: 165 cm.
- Weight: 55 Kg.
- Chest: 87,5 cm.
- Waist: 61 cm.
- Hips: 87,7 cm.

Gia Jordan
- Height: 163 cm.
- Weight: 42 Kg.
- Chest: 85 cm.
- Waist: 60 cm.
- Hips: 90 cm.

Brooke
- Height: 173 cm.
- Weight: 54 Kg.
- Chest: 90 cm.
- Waist: 60 cm.
- Hips: 89 cm.

tous les sentiments qui s'emparaient d'elle lorsqu'elle faisait l'amour avec lui, et souvent elle se masturbe sous la douche se souvenant du plaisir du sexe anal dont elle jouissait avec lui.

Mais alors une suite d'étranges appels téléphoniques commence à avoir lieu. Il s'agit toujours de la même voix, une voix masculine inconnue qui ne dévoile jamais son identité, mais qui l'enflamme, la fait sentir désirée, la séduit. Chaque nouvel appel l'allume de plus en

plus, en faisant brûler son sexe de plaisir, battre son coeur de passion et frémir son anus d'excitation.

Petit à petit, elle commence à fixer des rendez-vous clandestins avec d'autres hommes et des couples, par moyen des appels téléphoniques, et elle entreprend un voyage vers ses plus torrides fantaisies sexuelles. Jennifer devient de plus en plus obsédée avec l'inconnu, et elle essaye de découvrir qui est-il. Réussira-t-elle à savoir quelle est la véritable identité de cette voix inquiétante? Ne ratez pas le dénouement de Sex Thriller!

ESPANOL

Sex Thriller es el último thriller sexual y sumamente erótico creado para Private Gold por Antonio Adamo. Trata sobre la historia de una hermosa muchacha llamada Jennifer, que no ha vuelto a tener relaciones sexuales desde que cortó con su novio Steve. Pero Jennifer no consigue olvidar todos los sentimientos que se apoderaban de ella cuando hacía el amor con él, y a menudo se masturba en la ducha recordando el placer del sexo anal que tenía con él.

Entonces empiezan a tener lugar una serie de extrañas llamadas telefónicas. Siempre la misma voz, una voz masculina desconocida que nunca revela su identidad, pero que coquetea con ella, la hace sentir deseada, la seduce. Cada llamada la enciende más y más, haciendo que su sexo arda de deseo, su corazón lata de pasión y su ano se estremezca de excitación.

Al cabo de un tiempo, a través de las llamadas telefónicas establece citas clandestinas con otros hombres, con parejas, y

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•Production Notes
•Girls Profiles
•Photobook

emprende un viaje hacia sus más tórridas fantasías sexuales. Jennifer se obsesiona más y más con el extraño, y trata de descubrirlo. ¿Conseguirá averiguar la verdadera identidad de esa inquietante voz? ¡No os perdáis el desenlace de Sex Thriller!

ITALIANO

Sex Thriller è l'ultimo giallo pieno di sesso e altamente erotico creato da Antonio Adamo per Private Gold. È la storia di una ragazza splendida che si chiama Jennifer. È da quando ha mollato il fidanzato Steve che non scopa, ma ricorda ancora come si sentiva quando faceva l'amore con lui e spesso si masturba sotto la doccia, evocando come quello le sfondava il culetto che teneva ben stretto.

Adesso c'è una chiamata telefonica: una voce maschile, di uno sconosciuto che non rivela mai la propria identità, ma che fa all'amore con lei, la fa sentire proprio sexy, la seduce. Con ogni chiamata successiva la va eccitando, facendo che la fica arda dal desiderio, che il cuore batta con passione e che il culo rabbrividisca dall'eccitazione.

Con le chiamate telefoniche lui organizza degli incontri clandestini con altri uomini, con coppie, la porta a spasso attraverso le fantasie sessuali della ragazza. Per Jennifer quello sconosciuto comincia a diventare un'ossessione e cerca di scoprirlo: ce la farà a conoscere l'identità della voce che dipinge di giallo il Sex Thriller?

Others films from Antonio Adamo

Private Gladiator

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- Pocahontas
- Tina T.
- Gina Callesi
- Sindy
- Barbara Voice
- Lara Stevens
- Mandy Bright
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- Nikita Denise
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- Bridgette Kerkove
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- Crisrina Bella
- Andrea
- Sandra Key
- Lea de Mae

Cleopatra

- Laura Angel
- Alexa May
- Zenza Raggi
- Bettina
- Julia Taylor
- Sandra Russo
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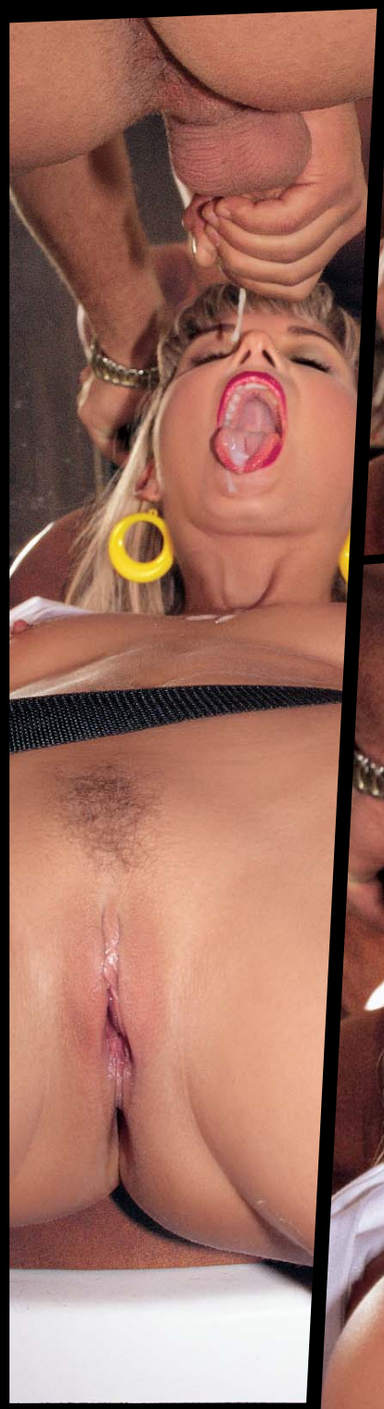

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Cristina Bella

body statistics

Height: 155 cm.
Weight: 45 Kg.
Chest: 92 cm.
Waist: 60 cm.
Hips: 80 cm.

WHORE'S SHORE

Pictures by Rob Russell

movie scene from "Private Life of Cristina Bella"

see her in

"Dangerous Things", "Riviera", "Desert Camp Sex Exchange", "Private Chateau", "The Fetish Garden", "Five Doors to Ecstasy", "I Want to Fuck You... in the Kitchen", "Sunset Memories", "A Hidden Pleasure", "Soccer Girls", "Private Life of Cristina Bella" and in these magazines: Private#160 & #183, Pirate# 79, 84 & 88, Sex# 26, 28, 46 & 54 and in TripleX# 55.

movie scene from
“Private Life of Cristina Bella”

“What I really like is to get fucked by two huge dicks while I'm tied-up to a bed, feeling completely at their mercy.”

"So richtig geil finde ich es, wenn ich von zwei dicken großen Schwänzen durchgefickt werde und dabei an das Bett gefesselt und ihnen völlig ausgeliefert bin."

“Ce que me plait vraiment c’est de me faire tringler par deux grosses bites lorsque je suis attachée au lit, me faisant sentir totalement à leur merci ”

Cristina Bella

“Lo que de verdad me gusta es que me aten a la cama y dos pollas enormes me follen, sintiéndome completamente a su merced.”

"Ciò che proprio mi piace è farmi scopare da due bei cazzoni mentre sono legata su un letto, sentendomi interamente nelle loro mani".

Cristina Bella

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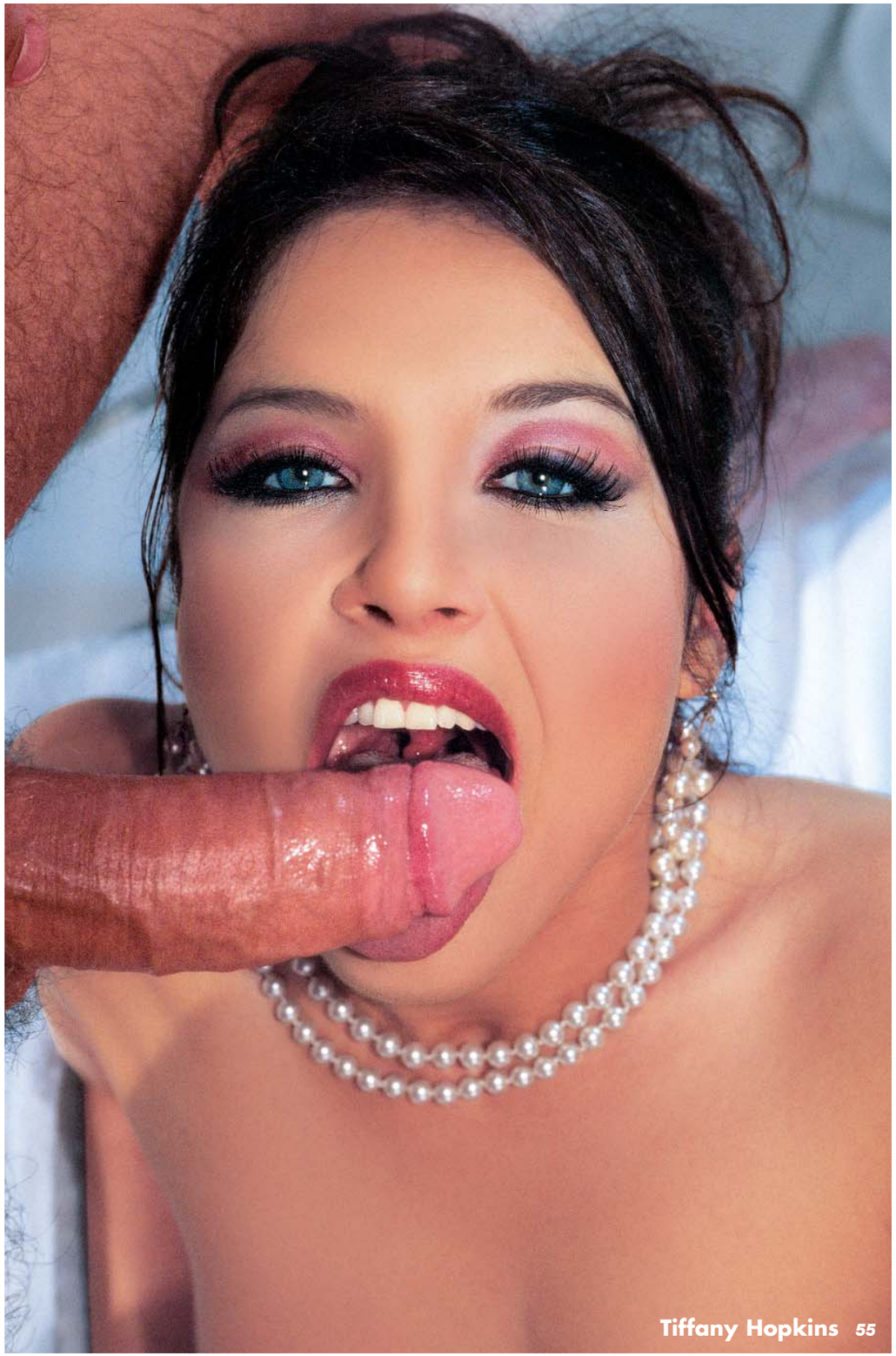
Tiffany Hopkins

VITAL STATISTICS

HEIGHT: 162 CM.
WEIGHT: 46 KG.
CHEST: 89 CM.
WAIST: 60 CM.
HIPS: 90 CM.

Full massage

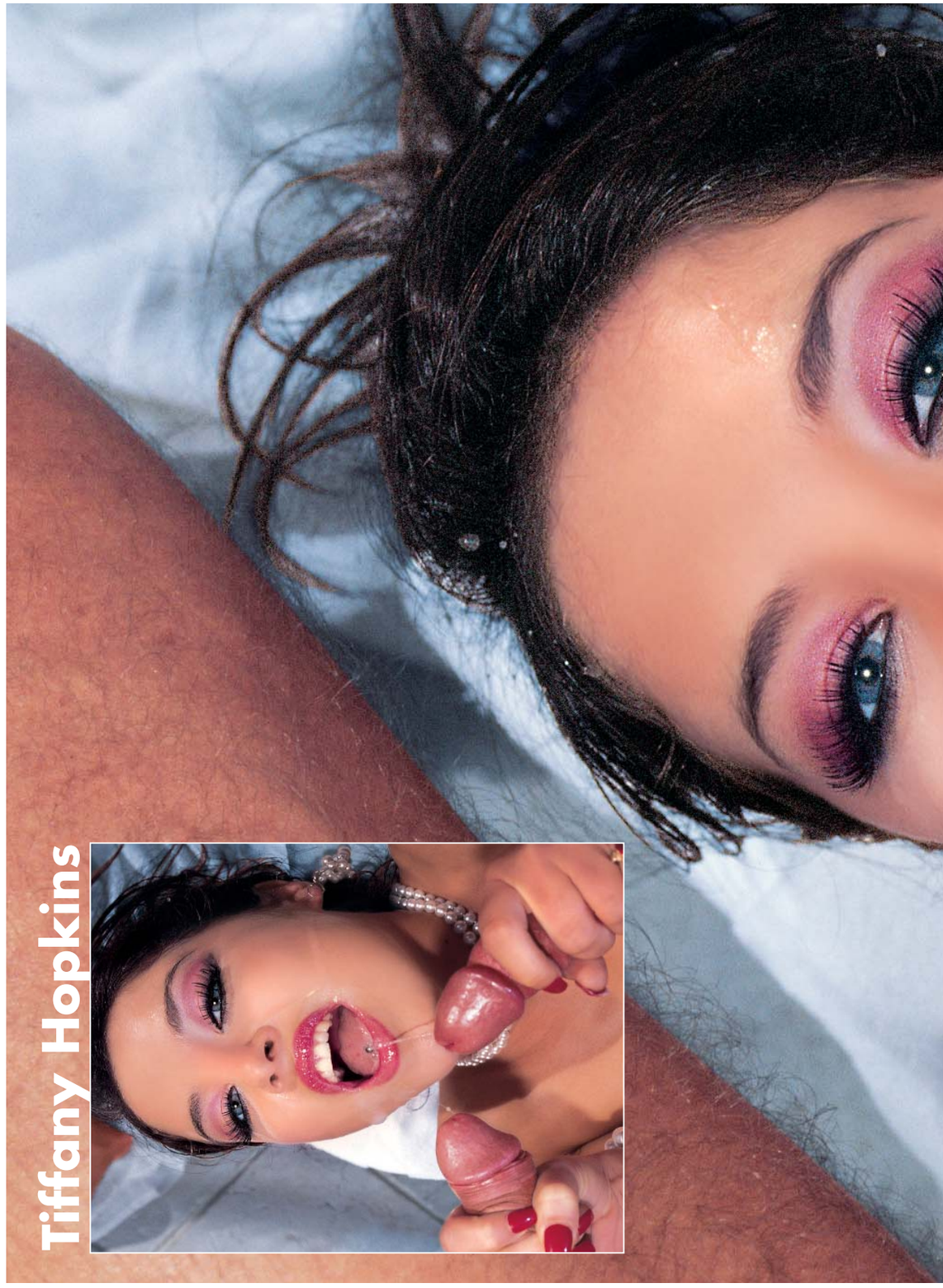


Tiffany Hopkins

Full massage

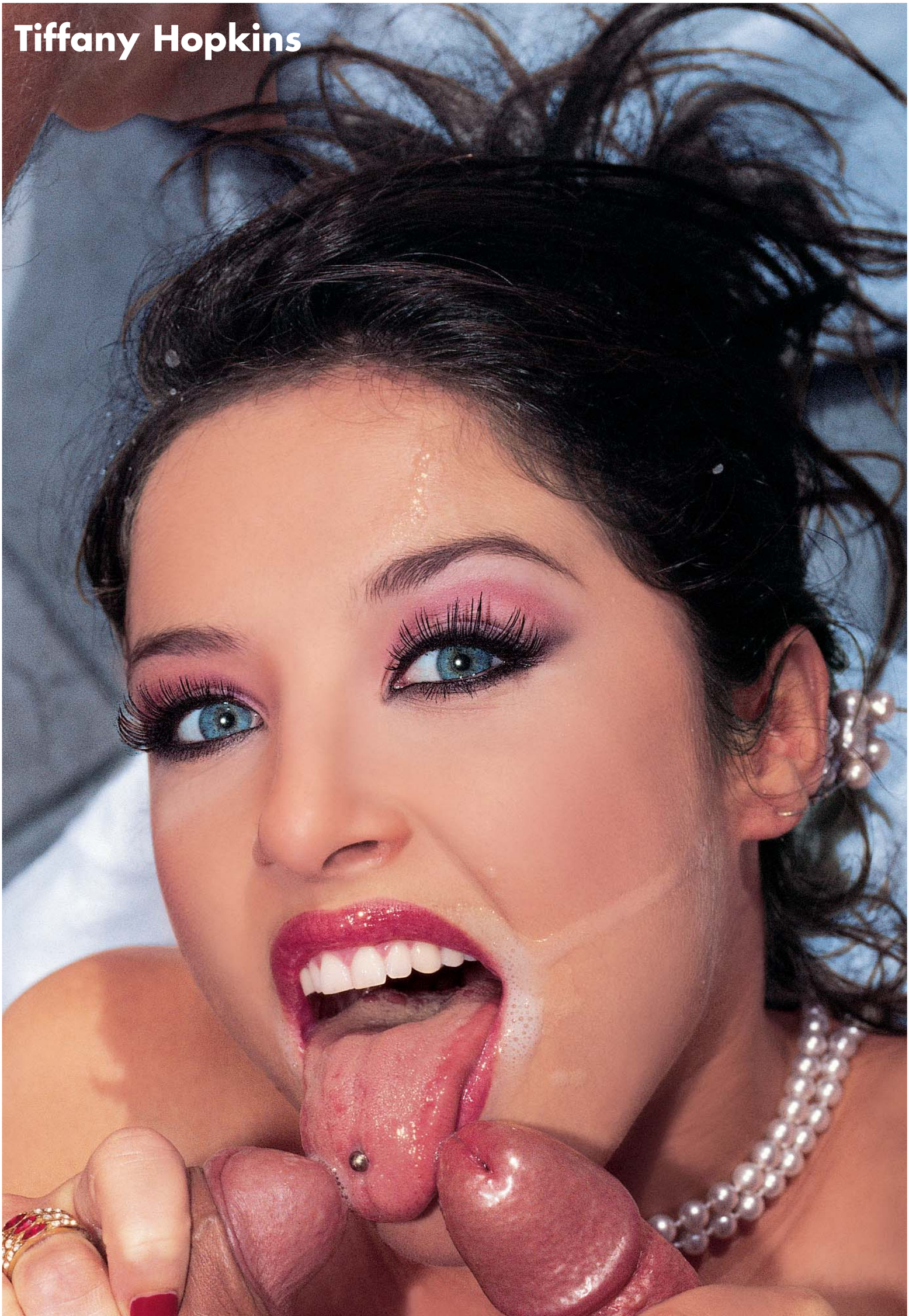
Tiffany Hopkins

Full massage



Tiffany Hopkins

Tiffany Hopkins



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ART BOUTHILLIER

" SHIT! THE IGUANA ESCAPED AGAIN !

“The Cellist ”

by Condottiero Colleoni

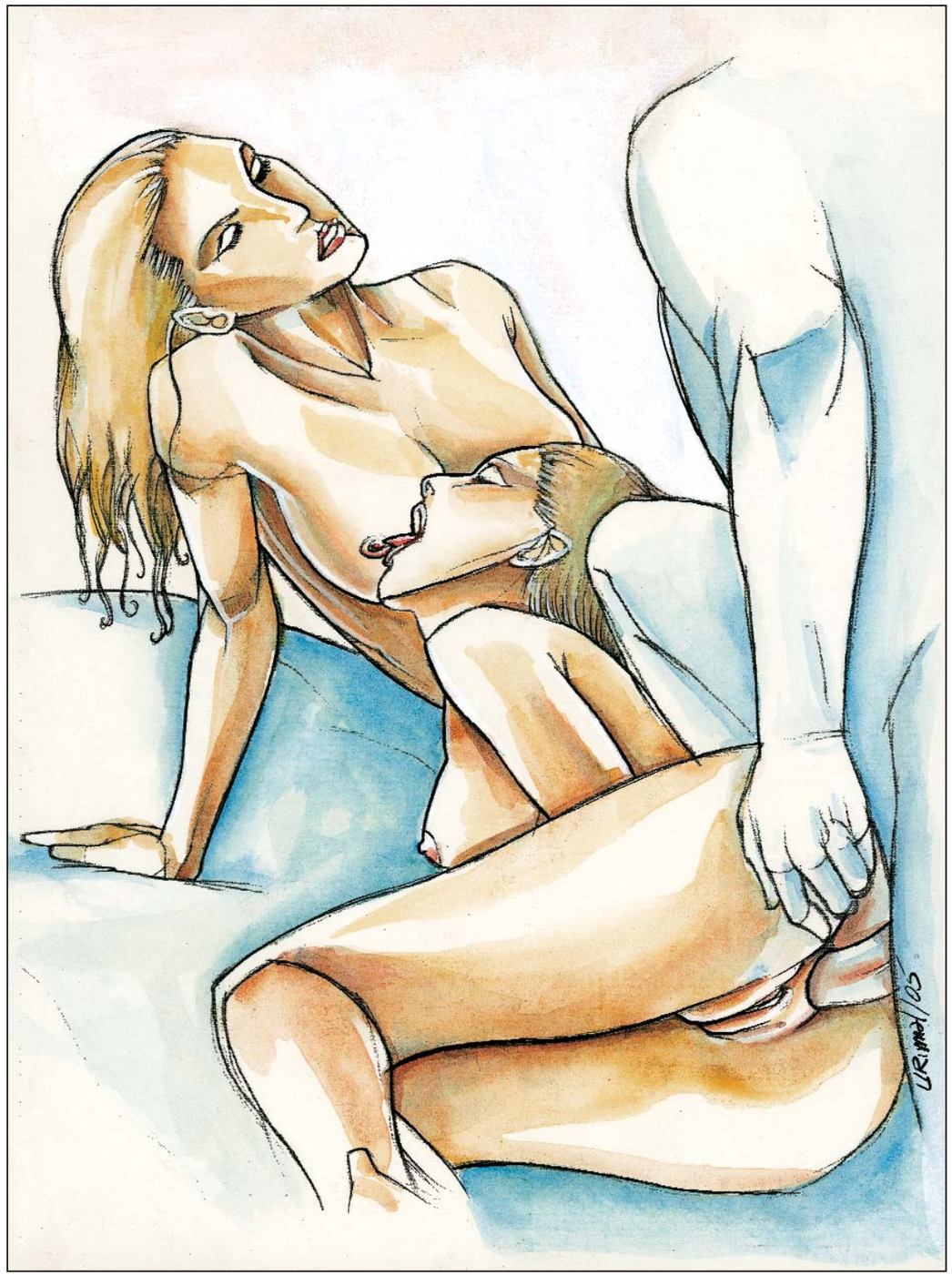
I was wandering aimlessly, and rather disappointedly, around the foyer during the break of the evening's musical entertainment, being carried along by the hustle and bustle of the crowd. Estela Bianchi hadn't turned up, her chair stood empty out to the left of the orchestra's string section, to me it seemed like there was a cosmic vacuum. As the first call for the second part of the concert sounded the crowds in the foyer slowly began to thin out. I took the last drag from my cigarette, taking a deep breath and, in a quiet corner overlooking the street, I took a last swig of bourbon from my hipflask, almost choking as I caught sight of Estela emerging from a taxi, dressed solemnly in black and carrying her viola. My heart raced, the orchestra was beginning it's overture, what could I possibly do to delay the start of Mahler's Fifth? If Estela wasn't going to be up there on stage I might just as well go home, and at least wank myself off to some fetishist and erotic image of her and her viola. I closed my eyes and imagined myself in the bathroom giving it what for while imagining I was all over her, giving her a right good seeing to, sucking and licking her body from head to toe, while she nibbled my ears and shrieked obscenities in her sexy Italian accent... A dream within a dream and both centred round her. I also imagined going up on stage and snatching the baton out of the conductor's hands trying desperately to gain time for my Estela, enough for her to sit down and tune her instrument.

The second act. As luck would have it, and there was no doubt that this was my lucky day, I found myself, after the concert, chatting away with the lady herself, as if we were long lost friends. It took all my effort not to tell her how much I fancied her, how often she'd been at the centre of my erotic fantasies, and that the only reason I was there at all was, not for a love of music, but due to my obsession with her, her shoes, the way she firmly gripped her instrument between her thighs, her dresses, an imagined yet pungent scent of woman that pervaded my memory and haunted my most perverse fantasies. It was this obsession that had set off the spark that ignited my regular nocturnal emissions. And the most amazing thing of all, unless wishful thinking was confusing me here, was that it looked like she was actually trying to seduce me, “Look, your nose is bleeding... Here let me...” she cooed, taking out an embroidered handkerchief and coming so close her breath caressed my face. Our hands touched and the electricity discharge rocked me back on my feet, I shivered. The smell of my own blood, mixed with the perfume that impregnated her handkerchief aroused a sleeping monster within me. “Will you have problems with the conductor? He didn't seem very happy about your late arrival.” I observed, head back trying to stop the bleeding. She took a sip of her mineral water and started to laugh, “How charming you are... Why don't you pay for the drinks and let's get out of here... We have to deal with your problem...” she answered. I couldn't quite figure out whether she was talking about my nose or my obsession.

I can't remember whether I offered or she invited me to accompany her to her apartment on the outskirts of the city. It was in the taxi that I realised she was definitely up for it, when she hitched her dress up allowing me a glimpse of her silken knickers. The glassy look in her eye was also a dead give away. When we finally reached her lair the first priority was to cure my bleeding nose, “Third door on the left,” she said pointing out the bathroom. As I was washing my face and gazing in the mirror I reflected that my emotional life was in a bit of a mess. In particular I had problems with Lucia, who I'd been avoiding for a number of days. Like any good hearted coward, I decided to send her a text message, there and then. Even at the risk of being taken for a fool, I confessed my intention to have my way with her. When I came out of the bathroom my Italian beauty was waiting, wearing nothing more than a transparent gauze dressing gown revealing, in graphic detail, a languid and delightful body, with the darker skin of her nipples standing out like adornments on a pale and pearly sea and lying below was the sensuous shadow of her pubic hair, “You took your time,” she said “I'm going to have a shower.” And she wafted past me, dangerously close. I was rather disappointed not to have seen her undress, but then she didn't close the door, either to the bathroom or the shower, which I took as an open invitation to join her. I stripped off where I stood and slid in beside her, she barely gave me a second glance as I joined her beneath the shower. My cock was rising with short jerking motions, looking for vertical, with every beat of my heart and nestling snugly in the crack between her cheeks. She took a deep breath, and turning around, kissed me timidly on the lips before I flung my arms around her in a wet embrace. By now my cock was fully up and throbbing playfully, Estela knelt down, slipped it into her mouth and started to play her music. Although the shower is never the perfect place to get into an in depth exploration of a woman's body, even so I managed to penetrate her standing up, “Oh yeah, like that... It's best at home... Come on do it... Slide it into me...” she moaned, her hot cunt gently gripping my stiff cock. Soaking wet and without stopping we shuffled clumsily out of the shower and towards her bedroom. The show must go on.

She wriggled free in the corridor and danced over to the stereo to put on a Marvin Gaye CD, the perfect music to fuck to. In bed I started out on top of her, women like to feel that they are the object of desire, to be touched and possessed, like precious jewellery or a car, I guess. With my dick in my right hand I tried to push it into her, but she shimmied away, wanting to play a little more on top of those sleek and sensual purple satin sheets. As I was chewing away on her right nipple she wriggled out from under me and, pushing me over, got on top, holding me gleefully pinned down on the bed. She grabbed my cock behind her and started to work it teasingly around her asshole, pushing it forward to her cunt and pulling it back again, while the sultry bass line of ‘What's Going On’ set our rhythm. Judging by the lascivious use of her tongue, the sexy look in her eyes and the writhing of her body, she seemed happy enough with the pork stick that Mother Nature had blessed me with. Her juices were flowing freely, cascading down from her red-glistening and expectant cunt onto my balls. I grabbed her firmly by the ass, a cheek amply filling each hand, searching for her very essence. I pulled them apart as if breaking a loaf of bread in two and, closing my eyes, I imagined the view that my position denied me

“I grabbed her firmly by the ass, a cheek amply filling each hand, searching for her very essence.”



from seeing… The firm round cheeks of her ass, the temptation of that tight little asshole, her dripping cunt absorbing my cock as I slid it all the way home... I slipped my ring finger, wet with her cunt juices, furtively up her ass and began to prepare the way. When I started to pull my cock slowly out of her, she resisted at first, but I lifted her gently until it plopped free and, taking it in my hand, I began to nudge that tight little asshole. Estela knew what I was after, and I knew she wanted it too.

I got up on my knees and turned her over. She lifted her ass up towards me, and her swinging tits kept their shape - not like stalactites and not too misshapen by either the sum of her sexual experiences or motherhood - responding perfectly to the pull of gravity. I spread her cheeks and spat into her asshole, then started to introduce my tongue as far into her as it would go. My tongue traced the width of the flesh between her two holes, savouring the taste of her cunt, transporting her juices to lubricate her asshole, I applied myself with patience. She writhed with pleasure, squealing atonally like a child playing the violin for the very first time, unthinking, out of control. When her exasperation had built up to almost a pitch of frenzy – precisely at that moment, when her groans had reached fever pitch - I grabbed her by the waist and slammed my cock all the way home with as much force as I could muster. That shut her up for a brief second, she was suspended by surprise, and then all hell broke loose… Wailing like a police siren, her hips bucking and driving, slamming back into me in a paroxysm of grunting and growling, shaking and shuddering… She turned to look at me, saliva dribbling from her mouth, a blank expression in her eyes… She reached back and grabbing hold of my balls, held me firm as she squirmed and floundered. She was a gonner. I hung on as her ass squeezed my cock like a vice and she clung on to my balls, but I had plans for shooting my load, so I pulled it out and suggested, well ordered actually, her to get her lips wrapped around it. I lay back on the bed and she got on top of me. She was scary, she lined me up and then slammed herself down on it, "I want more!" She demanded, selfish little bitch, she wanted her orgasm, but what about me! But you have to rise to a challenge. I pulled her off and I reminded her of what I wanted and what I didn't want, that I wasn't here to waste an epic wad of spunk up her cunt or her ass or anywhere else but in that gorgeous mouth of hers.

She pulled it out and got down to some serious lip service. The expert tongue-lashing that she dished out brought me immediately to the edge. Estela decided that she also wanted her share, the lion's share that is, and turning 180º pushed her cunt against my mouth. The room was suddenly awash with silence, only interrupted by guttural mumblings and the odd slurp. She started to come way before I did as I wrapped my lips around her clit and, sucking it in, chewed on it for all I was worth. I grabbed her head with both hands, holding it firmly in place, as my hips bucked and thrust, loosing jets of cum down her throat, undoubtedly satisfying her hunger for a few hours. The little slut swallowed down every last drop of it -my lascivious interpreter of Mahler- and she almost made me faint as she kept on sucking me, trying to draw out every last drop of seminal fluid. It worked, my erection stayed firm and full, thanks to her expert technique. I sucked and nibbled her clit some more and she shuddered into another orgasm, her arms and legs flailing about, out of control. When her writhing had calmed down I released her clit and licked up the cunt juices oozing out of her palpitating hole until a sleep of exhaustion descended on her, her red and ravaged cunt proof of a job well done.

Although I didn't know, that night, a third act still remained to widen the horizon of my leisure pursuits. While Estela was taking her well earned rest I decided to check the place out. I was also knackered, but in my case such an excess of effort tends to wake me up, to increase my capacity for concentration. It gets me going. There wasn't a single classical music CD in her whole collection. Suddenly the front door of her apartment opened, apparently she didn't live alone, or at least someone else had the keys to her home, or maybe this wasn't her home. I didn't really give a fuck one way or the other. I hid behind the sofa, where I remained crouched and naked for what seemed an age. A blond babe came in and, as luck would have it a buxom looking piece she was too. She started to call for Estela, went into her room and there she stayed. I crept over to the door and, you can imagine my surprise and glee, as I saw her half naked, down on all fours and chewing away on Estela's cunt. Estela saw me watching, smiled and said nothing, her legs were spread wide open and flexed, as if she was about to give birth. She gazed at me and I at her, without wishing to disturb this intense cunnilingus. I noticed that the blond was holding onto something that I couldn't quite identify, it was my shirt. Suddenly I realised that I was wanking myself off, on automatic pilot, a knee jerk reaction. By the time the blond realised I was standing behind her she was down to just her knickers, a suspender belt and stockings. What a sensational body she had, like a top model, statistically perfect, the sum of all of its angles, a prodigy of nature, I thanked god for having brought me to this time and place, and the promise of several hours more of authentic abandon with those two fantastic cum-sluts.

Once we'd been introduced I grabbed Tania (that was the blond bint's name) and with my erection trapped between us, I started to dance with her around the room to the final bars of one of Marvin's songs. I knelt down and, using my teeth, removed her knickers, leaving her in just her stockings and suspender belt. Another fetish of mine and the perfect frame for one of nature's wonders. Then I pulled her down towards me on the floor and started to kiss her body all over. She lay on her back and stretched in feline pleasure, almost purring. When I'd had my fill of her skin, and filled my nostrils with the odour of her sex, I spread her legs and slid into her, smooth as silk. In the culminating moment, my rhythm building to a crescendo, her feet started to drum frenetically on the floor, like the dying spasms of a replicant in the film Blade Runner; like war drums in the darkness of the room. No doubt about it I was giving her the shag of her life, going at it with finely honed and energetic dedication. I knew I just had to give her the best orgasm she'd ever had. You get so tired of seeing so many splendid babes in the magazines that you're never even going to get a whiff of. In one corner of the room Estela accompanied us with a demential rendition of an old Nirvana hit. Tania's tits were bouncing around to the rhythm of my thrusts, her nipples standing out like coat hooks. Only her ass was in contact with the floor as she clung to my neck. The extra effort required to support her weight and keep up my rhythm had me sweating like a pig, with her long legs wrapped around me she was driving me crazy. I began to lose control of my tactile senses, the nips and tweaks I was giving her nipples seemed to cause her pain, although far from complaining she seemed to like that. I began to bite and slap her about, and she responded with gasps of pleasure, egging me on to hurt her more. Pain and pleasure becoming one and the same as ecstasy swept over us.

I wrapped my arms round her and picked her up. Standing, I wedged her up against the wall and kept on fucking her, right next to a reproduction of Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, I imagined that Estela and Tania were two of the women represented there by Picasso, two of the archetypal femme fatales exposed to the desires of men in the salon of a brothel. As I held her up, jammed against the wall, driving my cock into her with increasing force, I saw myself as Picasso, coming into the room and choosing the two of them. I imagined one of those African masks sticking its tongue out, just as I felt Estela sandwiching me and then crouching down, her legs spread openwide and flexed, like a voracious insect, pollinating a flower –like the crouching figure of Picasso- sucking and chewing on my ass.

And it didn't stop there; I was the prisoner of a pair of authentic Furies. For a while my memories are vague. I remember little, apart from fucking Estela with one hand almost completely absorbed up Tania's flexible cunt… When I came to, the two crazy sluts had handcuffed me to the bed, I figured if I was going to die then this was as good a place as any, and in the best company I could imagine: time to pig out man! They blindfolded me and treated me to the most amazing sensory experience. I felt them covering my body with a concoction that smelled of herbs, some kind of oil that left me slippery all over. They caressed my body with their breasts and, now and then a mouth kissed mine, after a few kisses I could tell which one was kissing me and which was sucking my dick. Although my hands were tied my legs were free to move and this, given my knowledge of judo, allowed me to pin Tania down, with my cock in her mouth, as she was trying to exasperate me with her teasing licks and sucking. Wrapping my legs around her, and despite her struggles, I managed to force her down onto my cock until she'd deepthroated me. Then I fucked her throat with a series of rapid, driving pelvic thrusts. Boy did she get off on that –even when it seemed like she was going to choke- and, as soon as I let her take a breath, she begged me not to come, promising to untie me if that was what I wanted. The domination game turns into the war of the sexes. Sex is usually more fun when you are playing a game, fucking, having a ball and then running away, tripping each other up, without malice, lashing out, insulting, begging for mercy. And guaranteed for raising the temperature of any shagging session. My energies finally began to ebb when I shot my umpteenth load up Estela's insatiable ass, after shagging Tania and getting her to come twice. "What a find," chortled Tania "The best thing we can do is keep him here for a while. Hey baby where did you learn all those tricks?" How often in life to you feel like a king, and with my two queens curled up, beside me, I couldn't ask for anything more.

At the office, the next day, I couldn't stop thinking about my two new friends. Lucia, the boss's secretary, had been after me for days, constantly asking if we could have lunch, would I like to go to the theatre, and so on. The text message I'd sent her was meant to make her either, a) run as soon as she caught sight of me, or b) accept the challenge that I presented her with, no going back. I had to vent the tensions that were building up inside me, and she was the perfect victim. When I bumped into her I invited her to come for a coffee in the company canteen. There was nobody else in the room, and while she put the coins in the coffee machine I came up behind her, rested my hands on her hips, and nuzzled my cock into her ass. She froze, and then asked me in a tremulous voice whether I wanted cream with it or... Quick as a flash I came back with an answer that would have made Henry Miller proud, I said that I had more than enough cream, thank you very much, but maybe she would like some of mine, "Of course, in your message the other day, you sounded like a pathetic imbecile... Although I can't deny that being from you it had its amusing side…" she said smiling. Within five minutes we were going at it hammer and tongs in the file room, bugger the coffee. Memories of the previous night were still echoing round my confused head, making me more desperate than ever to shag the ass off the vivacious yet virginal Lucia. I ripped her clothes off her, to her shock and amazement, turned her round and ran my hands all over her. She begged me to stop, although what she really wanted was for me to give her a good going over there and then, mercilessly. It's precisely at this point, between fear and desire, that the female libido comes into its own, the fear of being discovered, that's when women show their true colours. They love to be watched, in the same way as they love to watch. They try to hide the innate narcism of their female condition beneath false modesty, but in the end they all want to be fucked anywhere, anytime, by surprise, by either men they know or complete strangers, singly or in gangs. Lucia was acting the part perfectly, but her moans, the gasping of her breath gave her away. Her resistance was at best half-hearted, pure theatricality. It was a quickie, but no less intense for all of that. We promised we'd do it again some time.

When Friday came around I arranged to meet Philippe outside the auditorium. I'd already told him about the previous weekend, with those two sensational sluts and had asked him whether he'd like to come with me on my next visit. Not surprisingly he'd jumped at the opportunity, he's a man that digs cunts the way kids like sweets, "Think of all the money we'll save on whores!" He barked, laughing loudly and taking out the money to pay for the tickets. But Estela didn't turn up, even though her name was down on the orchestra list. Her place was taken by another musician. I decided we should head straight over to her place, as soon as the first part of the concert came to an end. Estela was delighted to see us, inviting us in for a drink and, before we'd finished, we were both groping her. She'd told us that Tania would be along soon with a girlfriend. You can imagine my surprise when she walked in with none other than… Lucia! "What the fuck are you doing here?" I gasped, unable to hide a certain disdain, feeling that Lucia was well out of her depth in this company. It turned out that Tania and Lucia were old school friends, and judging by how close they were obviously more than just friends. In the end Lucia held her own and, with the quintet all present and correct, we got right down to it. With three pairs of tits and a couple of stiff cocks, all ready to make those cunts sing in harmony, the improvised symphony that followed was heroic indeed.

At Café Mario, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon I might have looked a mess, but my internal glow was the envy of those who'd just got up to buy the paper and a loaf of bread. After swigging back my third espresso coffee I could get on with the plan, everything had been calculated. I picked up my diary and filled in all the details of the orgy that had gone on until a couple of hours ago. It was hard to string together a few coherent sentences, I felt like I'd been passed through a tumble dryer. A note fell out of my book, "You write very well, come round to my place and you can write what you want on my skin, Lucia." I called but there was no answer so I went home and had a shower. The bed was tempting but the three coffees were taking effect, the only way I was going to get any sleep was to do some more fucking first. Where the fuck was Lucia? I got in my car and drove around to her place. Lucia fucks really well, conventionally but with application, just the way she works. Efficiency down to the very last breath. She works to please others, but takes pleasure in doing so. Tell me how you fuck and I'll tell you who you are... "Tell me about Tania," I whispered in her ear before sliding my cock into her cunt, as the first bars of Mozart's Magic Flute rang out. You see, Lucia has a tremendous classical music collection, no doubt about it, much better than Estela's.

"I grabbed her head with both hands, holding it firmly in place, as my hips bucked and thrust, loosing jets of cum down her throat, undoubtedly satisfying her hunger for a few hours."

"Wrapping my legs around her, and despite her struggles, I managed to force her down onto my cock until she'd deepthroated me. Then I fucked her throat with a series of rapid, driving pelvic thrusts. "

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SKEETER KERKOVE

SK

American hardcore director Skeeter Kerkove has produced 5 movies for the Private Xtreme line with a 6th on the way. He's brought us such hardcore anal classics as 'A Woman's Ass is a Beautiful Thing', 'Anal Love Stories', 'Ass Games', 'Big Titted Super Sluts' & 'Anal Freedom.'

VANILLA SKYE

We spoke to Skeeter about his fascination with women's asses... "I just love the female butt, and everything you can put up there, that's why they call me the King of Sodom," says Skeeter, "I like a nice curved shape, big or small isn't really important as long as it's encased in PVC or rubber." Why this fascination with latex? " I've always had a fetish for kinky clothes and big high-heels or platform shoes." He has used some outrageously horny outfits in his Private Xtreme movies, one of his favourites are the outfits from 'Anal Freedom' "Yeah, we subtitled that movie 'Anal Freedom – A Swimwear Edition' because I had all those delicious asses encased on skimpy swimsuits and bikinis."

NAUDIA RIO

Skeeter's directing skills come to the fore when he's in the middle of all the action, pushing each girl to her limits, making them discover totally knew positions that they'd never dreamed off before. "One of the horniest things to see for me is when a woman lies on her front with her

KS

"Ooooh! I love Skeeter, I have developed quite a crush on him, he really makes me feel like a woman."

Katsumi

KATSUMI

SK

knees bent and she's grabbing onto her heels pulling those legs up, I love to see her get fucked in the ass in that position, it's great for her, for him and the movies audience, it's truly awesome!"

Skeeter has selected the crème de la crème of actresses in his Private Xtreme series, his criteria was tough, each girl, had to be stunningly beautiful, she had to be downright dirty, she had to have a hunger for hard anal and she had to have an incredible ass! Skeeter made some excellent decisions casting star players like Mika Tan, big titted Michelle B, Katja Kassin, the awesome Flick Shagwell, Estella, Lauren Pheonix and the sensational Katsumi. Award-winning Katsumi really enjoys working with Skeeter, she tells us, "Ooooh! I love Skeeter, I have developed quite a crush on him, he really makes me feel like a woman. He knows how to push a girl to her limits and if she doesn't work hard enough he spanks her ass."

We talked to some of the other girls that Skeeter has worked on in his Private series, 'dominatrix'

LAURYL BERRY

MICHELLE

MALISSA LAUREN

"I like a nice curved shape, big or small isn't really important as long as it's encased in PVC or rubber."

SK

"I'm a big fan of bondage, so anything that leaves me at the mercy of a studs desire is good for me!"

Cameron James

Michell B: "I much prefer to do hard sex movies. I'm very dirty and I like it rough, with choking oral and being taken from behind and treated like the bitch I am! Skeeter knows how to make me feel like that!"

Cameron James loves trying on the kinky clothes. "It was great, Skeeter took me to his costume room and we went through some deliciously horny stuff. I don't wear much PVC, but I am definitely gonna do it now. I love the feeling of being constricted and feeling sweaty as I get fucked. I'm a big fan of bondage, so anything that leaves me at the mercy of a studs desire is good for me!"

German beauty Katja Kassin loves to be dominated by a strong male, "I told Skeeter that this was what I liked, so just before we shot my scene, he took me to one side and tied me up to a pillar and got out his whip. He whipped my ass until I was ready and horny enough to be penetrated. It was a great way to prepare me, Skeeter thinks of everything!"

What makes Skeeter's movies so special? Flick Shagwell thinks that it's all down to the atmosphere on set, "Everyone is always excited about working on a Skeeter movie, so on shooting days we're all hyped-up knowing we're going to be enjoying some rock hard anal. Skeeter is one of the nicest guys in the industry and he always knows how to get the best performance out of a girl, and he makes her feel like she's a million dollars, and that's the best way to get any girl in the mood for a good fucking!"

For a true adventure into hardcore anal check out Skeeter's movies for the Private Xtreme label!

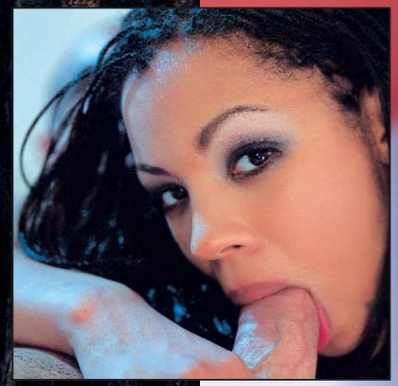
LISA

Black Velvet

pictures by Dave Densen

Black Velvet

LISA



LISA

Black Velvet

CUM ON MY FACE

BY PRIVATE

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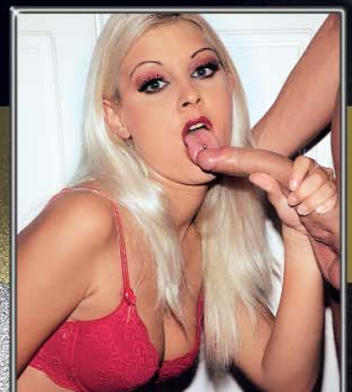

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Pictures by Metropol Studio

CRYSTAL
ACID FUCK

- Height: 170 cm.
- Weight: 53 Kg.
- Chest: 85 cm.
- Waist: 60 cm
- Hips: 85 cm.

CRYSTAL
ACID FUCK

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